


## IT'S A GREAT POLICE HUNT.

VIDEOS CHARGING AFTER BIG PHIL.  
DAVIS MARRIED MEY

**Addie Stanton Won't Tell Who Were in the  
First to Rob the Gambler—She Has a  
Shady History—A Woman with Many  
Correspondents and an Information Bu-  
reau—Inspector Byrnes Wonders if Daily**

Adelaide Stanton, the blond girl with the doll face, who tricked Sportsman Phil Davis into a shooting escape in her flat, 405 Fourth avenue, on Monday afternoon, is a cool young person. When a policeman arrested her that day she tripped along to the station house very nonchalant and very zippy in her peacock blue and gold house robe, red stockings, and red slippers. When David asked her to name the two men who, he says, surprised him in her room and told him to



PHIL DWYER.

she theatrically showed emotion, and said she couldn't think of such a thing, and when later Capt. Jellib tried to make her tell him who the man was that shot Doty in the head, she faltered all around the question, and begged to be excused. When it came time to get out of her cell yesterday morning she refused to go, but still she was cool and nonchalant, and presently she arrayed herself in the rain garment from the wardrobe in the trunk that Capt. Jellib had paid a cartman \$2.40 to fetch from the flat six blocks away. She didn't wear her red slippers or the peacock gown to court, but put on fine boots and a dark street dress, over which she threw a long yellow rain slicker, and impart any clues to the officers on the way to court, and in court her appearances lasted just about two minutes.

It was the first case called. Phil Dwyer didn't appear, the police didn't have any special evidence to give, and so the case was put over until to-day. Ella Hammond, the other woman

The two prisoners were sent back to the Thirtieth street station house and put in separate cells with some one, two men of them. Listening near by for any incriminating talk.

TRYING TO CATCH THE BADGERS.

Capt. Reilly was out on the case early in the day. He had been out the night before until 4 A. M. Detectives Mayors and Brett were around, too, until 5 A. M., then had three hours' sleep and got up again to police factories all over up town in their hunt for the man or men of the "badger game." Inspector Brynes had several Mulberry street sleuth hounds. Videcos and other clue-bearers, out in various parts of

The absorbing question with everybody outside the department was, "What shot Phil Dale?" The absorbing question with the police was, "Did Phil Dale tell the truth about the deal?"

"That he says he was lured in there by a woman?"

"Well," reflected the Inspector very slowly,

"He doesn't," he says he had a letter from the Stanton woman last Friday, and saw her that day.

"Does he say he saw her ever before at some other place?" asked Mr. Byrnes quickly and suggestively.

Mr. Byrnes walked away with a smile, and a

**FOUND THE BULLET.**  
The house, 406 Fourth avenue, was looked at yesterday by almost a hundred people. Lots of callers wanted to see the first place the bullet struck, but the room was occupied by the mysterious firm of Hammond, Stanton & Co. The rooms were in disorder. There are not well furnished, and they are not

Hammond and her husband, rooming in a middle chamber, or the dark room where Daly says the masked men stood before rushing out to shoot him, and back of this middle room was the kitchen. Off the kitchen is an alcove bedroom, where a messenger boy slept. He paid \$1.25 a week rent and is guaranteed by everybody left in the house to be all right when he was in crooked company. "The first room where Daly was waiting for the unknown" party from Philadelphia who wanted to see him on important business," was just about as it was

On the day before, the detectives tried to find the bullet yesterday morning, and after a long while they saw where it had struck the cover of a gilt frame on a picture hanging on the north wall, near the front corner window. It struck seven or eight feet from the floor, and

standing up when he was shot. The ball fell from the picture to the floor. It also fell from the picture to the floor. A search of the room that could be connected with the crime, except the letters and papers scattered about, failed to reveal any clue. The books on the table. They were paper-covered novels. One was Anna Katherine Green's "The Secret Door" and the other was the equally suggestive title of "Cash on Delivery."

**SEE KEPT THE FOOTMAN BUSY.**

Addition was first heard of at the Butcher house when Mrs. Hammond had been there a month. It was just about the first week in January that she had been called to the Hammond woman as a casual visitor.

Her calls became coming regularly every day. She was a tall, thin, quiet, middle-aged woman. Hammond told a girl in the house, but Mrs. Stanton had been told that the girl was

Night. Some five weeks ago Mrs. Hammond told her friend was going to give up his flat, and that she would like to live with her. The Stanton woman did come, bringing with her some furniture. Mme. Carr, who leases the entire house and lives in the top story there, thought the Hammond woman told her that she had seen the girl through a newspaper advertisement. Miss Stanton had an advertisement asking for rooms, and Mrs. Hammond answered it and offered the girl her spare chamber. Mme. Carr says that Mrs. Hammond appeared to be very nice, and was living with her a man whom Mme. Carr always considered her husband. He was Henry Hammond, and until four weeks ago seemed to be at work. These are the statements of Mrs. Carr.

Mrs. Hammond told Mrs. Carr that she